Pears,

Plums,

Beans,

Forlanto audito The

RAVENNA ROLLER MILLS

P. O. WOOD, Proprietor. MANUFACTURERS AND DRALERS IN Best Brands of Roller Flour

ALL KINDS OF FEED. Delivered to any part of the City

Try our " DAISY" Brand of Flour.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. SURPLUS, \$20,000.

only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS,

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TIRST WATIONAL BANK OF RAVENNA, OHIO.

CHAS. MERTS, President. H. L. HINE, Vice Pres't. R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier. DIRECTORS.

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Brown's Bakery

Corner of Main and Prospect Streets, makes a specialty of FINE CAKES.

-ALSO-FRESH BREAD, BUNS, ROLLS and CAKES, every day.

C. S. BROWN, Corner Main and Prospect Sts. (116

REAL ESTATE!

For Sale, at a Bargain,

HOUSE and about 1 acre of land, on Jones St. Bavenna, with all kinds of improvements. TWO HOUSES and three Lots near Casholi-NICH LOT in Meadville, Pa., on a principal Street, worth about \$900, which I wish to ex-change for Ravenus property. SEVERAL FARMS in Portage and Summit ies, for sale or exchange HOUSE and one acre, one mile west of Ravenna

FARM, 35 acres 1% miles west of Ravenna Small house and good barn. Also, MONEY TO LOAN, on short notice-J. R. BURNS. Real Estate and Insurance Agent, KENT, O.

Business Cards.

R. S. WEBS, JOHN PORTER, Garrettsville, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenn WEBB & PORTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. BLACESTONE BLOCK. BAVENNA, O. To LOAN.-Money to loan on Farm Property. WEBB & PORTER, Eavenna, O.

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H. H. SPIERS. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in Blackstone block, over the Republican office. Office open at all hours,

J. H. DUSSEL, A TTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTABY PUBLIC. Counsel in English and German Pension business and toreign correspondence solicited. Agency for relimble Steamship lines Office over Frath's Clothing Store, Kavenna. O

J. H. NICHOLS. attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Bavenna, Ohio.

S. F. HANSELMAN,

GEO. F. DOUTBITT SIDDALL & DOUTHITT, Attorneys at Law.

J. W. HOLCOMB, TTOBNEY AT LAW. A Telephone No. 58. Room 12, Riddle Block

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STONE STORE.



Drugs, Druggist's sundries, Perfumes,

Toilet Powders, Toilet and Medicated soaps,

Fine Hair and Tooth Brushes, Artists' Paints and Brushes,

Sponges, Chamois Skins.

TRUSSES.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1893.

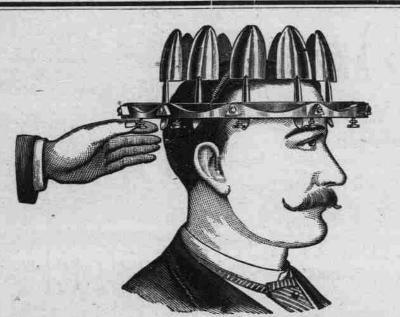
SEASONABLE

Our stock of canned goods is large, embracing Blackberries. Pine Apple, Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Apricots, Peaches, Tomatoes,

Peas, Succotash, Kornlette.

And Celebrated "City of Rome Corn."

Risdon & Taylor.



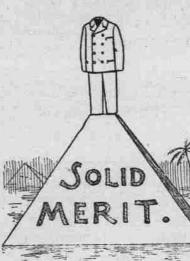
Are you wearing a hat that is uncomfortable, or one We use the best material, and take pains to have all our goods first class. Call and See Us.

Are you wearing a nat that is uncomforted that does not fit your head? If so, come to

The Rochester Clothing Mi'g Co.

We assure you that we will give you the BEST FIT-TING HAT, and for less money than any other dealer and how her cheeks persisted in dimpin Portage County.

Our Clothing Stands far above The common level Its Foundation Is Solid Merit. Like the Pyramid, It stands the wear and tear of the weather and hard usage.



20*PER*CENT*DISCOUNT!

For the next 30 days, commencing Jan. 2nd, on all our Baxter s glasses. See acre, it is the first of the next 30 days, commencing Jan. 2nd, on all our baxter s glasses. See acre, it is the first of th Winter Goods. In order to make room for our immense Spring Stock, we have concluded to make a bona fide spring stock spring spring stock spring stock spring stock spring stock spring stock spring spring spring stock spring spring spring stock spring sp SPECIAL DISCOUNT. This will be one of the great- that my sense of responsibility ends heard a stirring in the plum thicket, est opportunities the public ever heard of to purchase goods at manufacturer's cost.

Don't Fail to Attend This Sale! As it will be to your interest.



B. HESKINS, Manager.

CASH BUYERS

Will you kindly remember that we are still cutting prices

Below all Competition. Think of it! Read it again! You see we are strictly in it on lowest prices. Don't buy cheap, shoddy goods. They look well, but are dear at any price. Examine them critically, then come and compare with ours. Also,

See Our New Spring Goods! And extremely low prices on them. Never could you get so good value for so little money. And remember, too, that our goods are guaranteed as repre

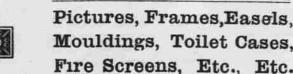
BARGAIN SHOE

W. F. TOWNS,

RAVENNA, O.

Lovers of the Beautiful

-Will find many things to admire in our splendid





Our stock of these goods is the largest in the city, Celluloid and Hard Rubber a and we shall be pleased to supply your wants at reasonable prices.

No. 4, Opera Block. J. H. OAKLEY,

He had trundled weighty triplets when his wife was wrapped in slumber; He had got up every morning and had built the kitchen fire; He had pounded on her carpets and had sawed up cords of lumber.

And had stretched with endless patience several miles of stiff clothes wire.

He had sworn off on his smoking just to help her on her missions.

And had matched whole coils of ribbons with no thought of the disgrace:

He had eaten several samples at her cooking exhibitions,

With a moaning in his stomach and a smile upon his face.

He had borne the shirts she made him, and his courage ne'er forsook him;
He had stood the socks she darned him, though the agony was keen;
He had worn her colored neckties, though his dearest friends all shook him,
And the clothes that she selected he displayed with humble mien.

But when one night she showed him some pajamas she had made him,
And informed him she expected that in them
he would abide;
He qualled before this torture and the thought
of it dismayed him,
And he gave one look remorseful, and he lay
right down and died.
—Clothler and Curnisher.

MISS BAXTER'S BLINDNESS.

The dining-car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy linen, the opalescent glare of glassware and the quiet gleam of silver trembled to-gether in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently left hiss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile, the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a bine square of shade over and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful scene of the evening before came surg-

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring-his ring-while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining-car breakfasts were not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handker-chief to her eyes, but she put them re-solutely on again and looked fixedly through her misty crystals. "Mr. Woodson, where did you

well-known features gradually took see anything. Excuse me, but I don't side. definite shape before her. Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, ling, however resolutely she shut her lips together. Then he said:
"From New York, of course. Does

my dress suit look as though I'd. boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut "Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after -after last night?" Miss Baxter asked, with slightly heightened color. "Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been

great on cross-examination.' "Never mind, Mr. Woodson, you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career-we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she conluded reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a early-read the time table backwards -hence the clothes. But now, see with great deliberation, shaking out his napkin into his lap, and gazing in- wash her brushes—he had always reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Demotill I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York uninhabitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamchatka or

wherever it is you are going. Now, what shall I order for breakfast?" "Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good chance to continue my outdoor "Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should

go now-and stay." "But I forbid you doing any such "To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time-of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it be "Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me that I might go into sheep, or

cattle, or something like that." "At Manitou?"
"Why not?" "It's a summer resort." "So much the better. I'd only want o be there in the summer, anyhow."
"Harry, you're a trifler."
"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow -if you'll allow me," Woodson ex-

claimed, taking from her hand the one she was making a sad mess of. "Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car "Well, I never could have forgiven

myself if I hadn't—and there it was," he asserted dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange be-It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou; but one morning they ex-

ceded them, smoked a trifle faster than | peace. usual and grunted out now and then: "Put on your loore pure. Make her

cording to the gospel of the lumin-

Woodson sat by and chaffed. He A Thrilling Experience in a Prairie Fire couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inqu. We whipped up the horses and drove ing glances by explaining that he was toward the upland, thinking thus to

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became in gary name, and we were greatly rejoiced to see that much of the grass was still fairly green here, though thickly bestrewn with patches of longhim immensely, and made a sunster impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Mauitou.

Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One crackling and snapping—the sound alone being sufficient to strike terror alone being sufficient to strike terror the other day that I'd like to have you | the line of fire, we found that where it sketch-to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?" "Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr.

you know.' The place was quite a distance away, over the mesa. They set out

for it the next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that." "It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the

tips of her fingers together and inclos-ing the picture in a rosy frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.
"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country." So Grace donned her big blue apron

and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trou ble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed, petulantly, wiping her troubled brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked, with serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and pur-

from?" she demanded at length, as his fore he knew it, "I don't believe you

believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your cait. There, now. I've said it; come."

had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed. "I'm a brute-a miserable brute!" Woodson remarked to himself with prison from the main fire, and had able to conjecture that amid that considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half dry creek. "But some one ought to have told. Her art is all foolishness. Look at

Fleming, even. He's 40, and I'd like

to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute!" "A little longer, in fact. I made a There was a plum thicket along the mistake and got here half an hour creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This to the blurred, blue depth of Miss hated dirty brushes so. Gathering crat. "One would suppose by reading Baxter's glasses. "See here, now, do them up he started toward the creek. where she will never see me again, a moment of excitement. Then he and no came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called, "why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help means."

ed, and began groping about and feeling aimlessly with her hands. "Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward attempt to paddle around in the dew

him and stumbled against him "Can't you help me at all?"

glasses?" she exclaimed, pulling away the city. Your morning paper reaches their henroost by the tramp in the from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight. "You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess, now, you never really saw before. up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent.

Come, see your career through my But still she held back at arm's length really defiant. His fingers left seam, there is probably enough coal in a white circle where they clasped her view in New South Wales to enable glasses if 1 promise?"

He nodded

Suddenly throwing her arms about his neck she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added seriously. "But-this needn't interfere, need it?" "Interfere! Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into

Field's Washington. A Hard-Hearted People. Filial piety finds no place in the Thi- miliar use has robbed it of its signifi- about an eighth of an inch thick, until betan character. It is no uncommon cance to some of us; we repeat it he has a coating of two or three inches the train for that blue hollow of the thing for a son to turn his father, when automatically without much thought. all over the bird, and it resembles a the train for that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly-colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life become one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The rarer medium than common air. The vellow cactus blossoms were like cakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had prechrome. Even Fleming, who had pre- he will not, he is allowed to die in is the Eternal Good. Good and God

IN A RING OF FIRE.

negotiating to go into the cattle business—a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely

crossed a little ravine the flames were not so high, for the grass was quite green there. We dashed through the line of flame, suffering brief tortures "Oh, hang Mr. Fleming!" Woodson broke in. "Fleming is all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, "Once the support of suffocation, and a severe stinging and smarting of our eyes, caused by the intense heat and pungent smoke. Once the support shows folk lore that does not contain some

We all were now inclosed in a gradually narrowing ring of fire. To clear the space around us by burning off the grass—to start a "back-fire," as it is called—was our only chance for safety;

and that tradition is right. It can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries bring to light the long-hidden relics of an obscure past.

Priam, Agamemnon, and other fights a few finding the physical states are the controlled. It can be taken as a fact that tradition is right. It can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries bring to light the long-hidden relics of an obscure past.

Priam, Agamemnon, and other fights are the controlled. It can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming richer by about \$1,500, when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around the bar for a few minutes, in the can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming richer by about \$1,500, when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around the bar for a few minutes, in the can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming richer by about \$1,500, when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around the can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming richer by about \$1,500, when Murphy sauntered in the can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming richer by about \$1,500, when Murphy sauntered in the can be taken as a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming the can be a fact that tradition often is accepted as right when new discoveries were in favor of my becoming the can be a fact that tradition of the ca grass—to start a "back-fire," as it is called—was our only chance for safety; and this we attempted. A large space was cleared before the oncoming fire reached us. We hoped to escape with but singed eyebrows, and a few moments of suffocation; and this we would have considered a fortunate deliverance. But we found our last chance failing us. The back-fire we started against the wind had burned only the dry grass, and in doing this had served as a furnace to dry the "But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost be"Grace," he blurted out almost be"Grace,"

the Great Spirit, in a weird chant. Suddenly we felt an unusually strong Suddenly we felt an unusually strong rush of cold air from one side, and, looking up, I saw a strange and welcome sight. A long tongue of flame day to insignificance. had run toward and into our circular burned a lane from the outlying burnt | world of monster creatues monster area to us. Through this lane, formed

Prefers City Life.

"This ideal country life the poets here, small girl," Woodson went on done, it occurred to him that it would and the fiction builders prate about is those beautiful idyls that life in the

ture and longed for country life. I wanted to inhale the fragrance of new mown hay and fall pippins-to be awakened mornings by mocking birds

"Oh, can't you help me?" she plead- are stiffled with dust and in the winter you stick fast in the mud. Your mornng mocking bird is a jackass with lungs like a Stentor, and when you the knife grass saws your toes of. "You are cut off trom theaters and all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed tightly around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my libraries, and the village choir sets your teeth on edge. You can't get a again. The tramp shoulders the stick and marches up the road out of hearing distance of the house. "Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my away to feed the bloated epicures of back alley and absorb warm beer from a bottle instead of having it slid down a mahogany bar-in an iced schooner. Excuse me. I have had enough of the Arcadia business. Doubtless country life has a charm, but I failed to find it. The city is good enough for me."

Without opening a single additional wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead. "You'll get my for some years to come. This amount is more than double the present production.

> Saying Good Night. There is a tender sweetness about

some of our common phrases of af-fectionate greeting, simple and unobdew upon the heart says Harper's Bazar. Good night! The little one lisps it as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish parants and prayers said, she another handful of a little thicker paste and rubs it over the first laws. paint."-G. Melville Upton, in Kate toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children; friends and friends children; friends and friends. Fa- So he continues, each layer being spring from the same root, are the Physicians are now able to wash out "God be with you." "Good night" is the system through the natural chan- really "God-night," or "God guard the

The by your loose pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens, and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done ac-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GIANTS OF THE EARLY DAYS. n May Be Correct, but Science Doubts Their Existence,

Once through, we congratulated ourselves on the hope that we should yet escape; for, going in this direction, right in the teeth of the wind, we could travel more rapidly than the pursuing flames.

While passing through the fire, I recalled the proverb "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for just in advance of the line of flame clouds of swallows darted here and there, catching the hosts of insects started up by the heat of the burning grass.

We now heard galloping hoofs, and we soon saw two Indians (Osages) approaching through the smoke. "Where are you going?" they asked, in their own language. "To Gray Horse," our driver replied, in the same toague. They told him that the prairie was a mass of flames in that direction, and that, we must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and that, we must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the swe must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the swe must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the swe must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the swe must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the swe must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction, and the scorned sea serpent have found a warmer niche in the scientific agnosticism has no credence for the stirring stories of giants, like those of Gaelic and Teutonic folk lore. Yet it is quite possible that science is wrong and that tradition is right. It can be darken as a fact that tradition often is taken as a fact th Once through, we congratulated our- reference to human beings of a size far selves on the hope that we should yet above that of the ordinary man. These

We all were now inclosed in a grad-taken as a fact that tradition often is

hence had almost as much fuel as out- with animals, those creatures were of The fire was now close around us. great size. It is generally believed drew out a silver-mounted derringer, with the remark: The varying currents of air heated by lived than his descendants, and in the reer; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does: and he—well he sees stood, as yet unharmed and with conbecause he does; and he—well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it; come."

It was a dreadful moment; the mothing that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it; come."

It was a dreadful moment; the mothing this well we stood, as yet unharmed and with constant supply of cool air, but expecting death.

It was a dreadful moment; the mothing this well we stood, as yet unharmed and with constant supply of cool air, but expecting and the modern kangaroo would seem and thrust his thumbs in the armholes. But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He with uplifted arms, were calling upon descendants vary in size from the alligator to the crocodile, rarely, if ever,

In view of these facts it is unreasonmen also stalked? Science, because it by walls of fire, came rushing in a has not as yet found as many skeletons current of cold, clear air. This kept of giant men as of giant lizards, gives the smoke blown away, and we saw no support to the traditions which up- Wetterstein mountains. It is reached plainly the path of escape thus prov- hold the existence of such a race of by train to Murnau, and thence by identially afforded us, when all hope human beings; but as from time imseemed gone.—F. H. Kellogg, in St. memorial mankind has kept its dead N. Y. Journal. in inaccessible places, the failure as yet to discover mammoth men, in view also of the fact that wild animals Danube, and in the middle ages it were far more plentiful than prehis- played a not unimportant part as a toric men, and that even of the half-way station on the commercial primeval animals but few remains highway between Augsburg and Bo-have been discovered, it is more than zen. The place flourished for about unwise to conclude that in this matter tradition is wholly at fault.

HUNGRY TRAMP AND HIS CHICKEN. He Catches and Cooks It with Much Skill and Little Labor.

The tramp has an ingenious way of obtaining a chicken, says the N. Y. World. He must avoid all noise. The slightest cackling on the part of the bird would be fatal to his dinner.

He proceeds to get a stick about ten feet long, to the end of which he binds a cross-piece, making a rude perch. Then, stationing himself under a tree in which the chickens are roosting, he picks out his particular bird and gently brings his perch up in front of her.

If the fowl does not step on at once he rubs his perch gently up and down against her breast until she finally

How many people, after a raid on you at sundown, and you sneak up a dead of night, stop to think how he back alley and absorb warm beer from cooked his chicken? If they give the matter a thought at all they suppose he will start a small fire and broil it. But he will do nothing of the kind. In fact, it would be impossible for him to do so without removing the feathers, and, as that would require a little labor, of course it would not be at-

> His kitchen utensils consist generally of a broken knife and a tin cup. With his knife he will kill and clean the chicken in very much the same way any housewife would, except that he will make the opening in the breast much smaller. His seat of operations will be on the bank of some little brook, where he will build a fire. Then comes the part which he thoroughly dislikes, for he must work. He makes a very thin paste of clay and water,

Vegetation on Mars.

The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French as-

PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE. He Had Just One Minute in Which to Take Back His Charges.

changing reminiscences when the youngest of the group spoke up in a tone that promised a good story, says

tone that promised a good story, says Nast's Weekly.

"I can tell you an experience I had when I was with an engineering party in Idaho a few years ago. A prominent man in the camp, had suddenly disappeared, and it was generally believed that Murphy—or Desperado Jack, as he was familiarly known—was accountable for the disappearance. Murphy was a typical westerner, was born in the west, had roved around in the west for years, and it goes without saying that he was an expert at poker and a crack shot. There were already eleven notches upon the handle of his revolver when I met him. He was absolutely fearless and was regarded absolutely fearless and was regarded as the terror of the camp. Notwith-standing the suspicions that arose concerning the old colonel's disappearauce, there was no positive evidence that Murphy was the murderer, and probably the right arm of the law would have proved a little weak any-

involved "I was playing poker one evening in the bar-room, and may possibly have been affected somewhat by my half dozen drinks. I had a dead cinch, I

body knew it. Eyeing me coolly, he

"Young man, I'll give you just one minute to take that back." Here one of the club members broke in with the remark: own gun of course," in the tone of one

"Gentlemen," he remarked dryly, "I

had just fifty-nine seconds to spare. TOWN OF VIOLIN-MAKERS.

Mittenwald, in Bavaria, the Home et Mittenwald, with its curious, frescoed houses, is picturesquely situated on the Isar river, in Bavaria, and is overlooked by the Kurwandel and

In past ages it was a halting place two centuries, and then prosperity threatened to forsake the old-fashioned

It was rescused by a native, Mat-thias Klotz, who in his boyhood was apprenticed to Nicolo Amati, the celerated Cremona violin maker. Young Klotz seems to have had such aptitude or his craft, and in consequence to have aroused such jealousy in the hearts of his fellow-apprentices, that his life became intolerable. After eight years he quitted Cre-

mona, and during the next two years wandered about from place to place, still making it his business to perfect nimself in his craft. When he returned to Miltenwald, at the age of nineteen, it was to found a school for violin-making. His first care, however, was to enter the church and ask God's blessing on his enterprise, in witness whereof he carved his name on the side of the altar-stone: "Matthias Klotz, Gelgen-Macher, im

20, Jahr, 1684." In the making of violins much de-pends on the wood for tone. In this espect Mittenwald is fortunate, for in its woods the pine and maple are not only abundant, but the grain and resonant qualities of the wood are admirably adapted for stringed musical instruments. Before Klotz' time Jacob Stainer of

Absom near Innsbruck, another eminent maker, used to visit the place in search of wood, and he did not fail to excite the curiosity of the people when he would knock the trees with his hammer and then put his ear close to the trunk to hear the sound. It was now Klotz' turn to make known to the inhabitants that it was his wish to do for Mittenwald what Jacob Stainer, whom they had seen or heard of, had done for Absom, and the

people must have listened eagerly to

his story; for now on fine days one

may see everywhere in the town rows of violins, guitars, and zithers, newly varnished hanging out to dry in the The back and belly of a violin are each of two pieces generally, and are cut so that when the two are glued together the figure of the grain in each half shall match. Another point of interest is that the belly and back are not bent, but are "dug out" of the solid plank-a tedious operation, requiring infinite care. Altogether, it may be added, a violin usually con-sists of seventy different pieces (in-cluding the bow) and weighs under a

twelve hours ahead through a certain dead sound heard in the receiver.

The great organ in the old mormon tronomer, who gives it as his opinion church at Salt Lake City has 2,704

way in a case in which Murphy was